97-84042-24

Palmer, William Kimberley

Success and how it can be won

[New York]

[1921?]

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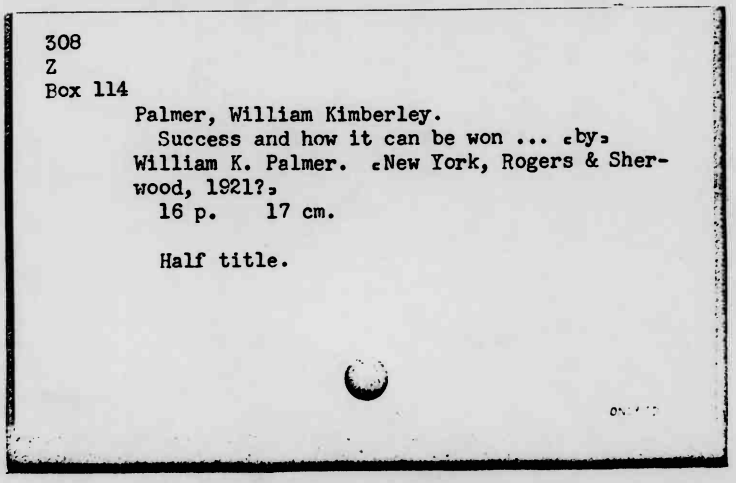
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Palmer, William Kimberley.
Success and how it can be won ... ⟨by⟩ William K. Palmer. ⟨New York, Rogers & Sherwood, 1921?⟩
16 p. 17 cm.

Half title.

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TECHNICAL MICROFORM DATA

FILM SIZE: 35 mm REDUCTION RATIO: 9:1 IMAGE PLACEMENT: IA (IIA) IB IIB

DATE FILMED: 3-6-97 INITIALS: RB

TRACKING # : 22458

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SUCCESS

AND

HOW IT CAN BE WON.

WILLIAM K. PALMER,

TEMPLE COURT, NEW YORK CITY.

SUCCESS

AND

HOW IT CAN BE WON.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures."
—SHAKSPERE.

"Life that dares send,
A challenge to its end:
And when it comes say, welcome, friend."
—CRASHAW.

WILLIAM K. PALMER,

TEMPLE COURT, NEW YORK CITY.

Author's gift
7-1-21

M.U.L. July 16, '23

SUCCESS.

TRUE success is not lightly won or easily held. It is to many a phantom that eludes their grasp. Hovering continually before them, yet never within reach.

Success, which is so rare an accomplishment, can be secured by any one, regardless of sex, color or condition, by the proper attention to the following principles, and a steadfast adherence to them.

First. Do not attempt any work beyond the strength and range of your moral and mental faculties. It was said of one man: "They spoiled a first-class plasterer and mason when they made a minister of him."

Every man, woman and child, has an aptitude for some special work, and can do some one thing better than any one else in the community.

To get the best out of each individual is

what the "Divinity that shapes our ends" is continually trying to do. How often that Personality is thwarted by the stubborn individual will, Alas! each one of us but too well knows.

Second. Having found the work that you are best adapted to perform, give the best of your mind, soul, and strength to the task you choose, remembering that it is much better to do one thing well than to do many things in an amateurish and ineffectual manner.

Third. Having chosen your work, persist in the same, and be content with your place, but not satisfied with your attainment.

In three words, we can sum up the three essential qualities, namely:

Discrimination,
Perseverance,
Energy.

Or, if we translate them into the vernacular of the street and the workshop, we have as follows:

Gumption,
Push,
Grip.

The happy combination of these cardinal

virtues will always obtain uniform and good results

Success is not a matter of inheritance, but of individual effort; although the culture and character of To-day is possible, only because nobility of life has preceded us on this planet.

Each soul must win its own success. We can aid each other or retard, but no one can achieve glory or success for another.

The very difficulties that hem the way, may be the means of securing triumph later on.

The inventor is the man who has discovered the world's need, and who presently, out of the difficulty, has wrought a new convenience and neccessity for modern life.

The perfect orator has overcome natural timidity and defects of voice and temper, and at last, having perfect command of himself, he controls his audience. Demosthenes and Daniel Webster illustrate the truth of this statement.

A low standard always interferes with true success. While it is a mistake to overshoot the mark, most men and women find their shafts fall short of, or, below the target.

A rich or distinguished person has fewer

spurs than the poor or obscure worker, as the former already possesses what the latter seeks.

A certain rich man in the Great Teacher's parable was styled "Thou Fool," inasmuch as he had planned for long years of self-indulgence and ease.

The past cannot be lived over. We must start with the present, and not de-energize our minds and souls by constantly reviewing the mistakes and follies of days gone by.

"Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear and with a manly heart."

"It is only two o'clock," said Napoleon to his defeated Marshal, "and there is time to win to-day a victory." The battle was fought and won, forthwith.

Do not cripple another's efforts by unfeeling criticism.

A cheerful appreciation of a comrade's work will not defeat your aim, but rather put you in a winning mood.

Work half-heartedly begun,
Will ne'er be done.

The genuine soul will not surrender to superior numbers. "Vox populi, vox Dei" is only a half-truth. Majorities are often wrong. Minorities are frequently right.

Emerson has said: "The aspiration of this age is the code of the next." What higher tribute to the far-reaching harvests of to-day's endeavor?

"Lo the future heirs the present,
As the present heirs the past;
And the years are strands of glory,
Binding first unto the last."

Success that is won with a total disregard of the character that accompanies it, is a dearly bought luxury, and will prove to have no permanent quality.

There is a prosperity of a false and short-lived kind that cannot stand the tests of time, and there is a patient strength, working along the lines of safe and true development that seeks only the approbation of conscience.

Dryden has written: "Every man is the maker of his own fortune, and must be, in some measure, the trumpet of his fame"

Michael Angelo writes: "I began to understand that the promises of this world are for

the most part vain phantoms, and that to confide in one's self is the best and safest course."

A wise saying is that of President Garfield: "A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck."

To quote from Shakspere,

"Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure but reserve thy judgment."

Often we fail to perform high and noble actions because as the Bard of Avon phrases: "Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt."

"True glory," says Pliny, "consists in doing what deserves to be written; in writing what deserves to be read, and in so living as to make the world happier and better for one living in it."

Success may be accompanied by wealth, public esteem, renown, power, or some other commonly prized possession, and it is possible that the successful man may, like Mozart, the great Tone Master, lie in an unknown grave, or like Columbus, die despised by the world that shall after a time come to honor him as one of the greatest of her heroes.

It is a matter for profound regret and genuine sorrow that so many people are particular about the small and trivial things of life, but neglect the great needs of their natures.

They nor we can be content with the success of others. The Creator has designed that all of His children should attain success, and the longing in each human heart for a personal victory is a natural one and should not be suppressed.

There is only one life in the history of our race that has been and is entirely successful, and all human lives have only approximated success in so far as they have been based upon, or conformed to the character of that matchless and incomparable Being.

Wealth, position, power, beauty, culture and all other possessions or accomplishments, are of no value unless they are held in trust and wisely dedicated to the wants and needs of the humblest as well as the most wretched of humanity.

For it has been said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," and He who is no respecter of persons will

keep that which is committed unto Him of consecrated labor and love for all eternity.

As De Sales sums up the truth: "We must never undervalue any person. The workman loves not that his work should be despised in his presence. Now, God is present everywhere and every person is His work."

In Browning's poem, "Bishop Blougram's Apology," the Bishop says:

> "You'll reply,
> So far my choice, no doubt is a success;
> But were I made of better elements
> With nobler instincts, purer tastes like you
> I hardly would account the thing success
> Though it did all for me, I say."

So, we realize as we come to weigh in the perfect and impartial scales of time, that no temporary or glittering show of power or pleasure, can atone for the absence of the noble and lofty spirit of wisdom and can sympathize with the present Laureate of England when in writing of the Iron Duke he says:

> "And Victor he must ever be.
> For though the Giant Ages heave the hill
> And break the shore, and evermore
> Make and break and work their will;
> Though world on world in myriad myriads roll

> Round us, each with different powers
> And other forms of life than ours,
> On God and Godlike men we build our trust."

It is the greatest of mistakes to believe that our unaided exertions will secure the triumph of our wills over all obstacles in our pathway. Benjamin Franklin, in his appreciative address to Washington, at the Convention that framed the Constitution in 1788, recommended Daily Prayers and said, "I have lived, Sir, a long time, and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid?"

The philosophy of the Puritans was unassailable: "Trust in God and keep your powder dry." Surely we live not only in our own time, but for all time, if we live aright.

Pure human influence is like the broadening Amazon, that as it merges into the sea, cannot be scanned from bank to bank with the eye, because of the width of its channel.

Concerning the need of rest at regular intervals, Sir Robert Peel has said: "I never knew a man to escape failure in either

body or mind, who worked seven days in the week." Sir Walter Scott has exemplified the truth of his saying: "The great art of life, so far as I have been able to observe, consists in fortitude and perseverance." To Thackeray, in "Pendennis," we are indebted for the statement, "many a young man fails by that species of vanity, called shyness." Genius testifies that application is essential to success, and Dickens confirms this with these words: "My own invention or imagination, I can most truthfully assure you, would never have served me as it has, but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention."

Longfellow tells us: "The every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counter poises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang from the wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still."

Not only in the Old World do deeds of heroes shine on History's page, and Glory's annals with the ages grow, for as Lowell sings of life in the Western Hemisphere:

"Shall they lie forceless in the dark below,
Save to make green their little length of sods,
Or deepen pansies for a year or two,
Who now to us are shining-sweet as gods?
Yea, manhood hath a wider span
And larger privilege of life than man.
That leap of heart whereby a people rise
Up to a noble anger's height,
And flamed on by the Fates, not shrink, but grow more bright.
That swift validity in noble veins
Of choosing danger and disdaining shame,
Of being set on flame
By the pure fire that flies all contact base,
But wraps its chosen with angelic might—
These are imperishable gains,
Sure as the sun, medicinal as light,
These hold great futures in their lusty veins,
And certify to earth a new imperial race."

By the light of a pine knot in a rude log cabin, a wide browed boy spelled out the truths, that later on, were to be incorporated into the amendments to our National Constitution. By the light of the stars, Joan of Arc read her call to rescue her beloved Country, and save the throne of her King.

Charles Martel, in buffeting back the Moslem from Europe, changed the course of civilization for all coming centuries. Cromwell, that man of iron, who held at bay the

enemies of England, and who never met with a defeat on the battlefield, or in council chamber, lives to-day in the progressive and liberalizing forces of that noble land. We see continually that all successful souls have "built better than they knew." Each soul should choose some watchword that shall rally its flagging energies in the conflict of life. The hand of a boy in Holland, all through one dark, cold night, kept back the sea, that would have blotted out with its cruel flood, the hamlets far and wide. The tender sympathy of a captive Jewish maid led her to say, "Would God, my Lord, were with the prophet that is in Samaria! then would He recover him of his leprosy." And so it was said centuries after by one who was alike Lord of Life and Death: "And many lepers were in Israel in the time of Eliseus the prophet and none of them were cleansed saving Naaman, the Syrian."

The blood of that tall and vigorous young man of the Western prairie that ran cold at the sight of the barbarities of the Slave Auction block in New Orleans, was to be spilled years afterward as the full measure

of his devotion, but not until in this broad land the fetters had fallen forever from the black man, and the name of Lincoln had become a household word the world over.

But the time would fail to tell of Moses and Plato, of Ruth and Hypatia, of Alfred the Great and Charlemagne, of Dante and Milton, of George Eliot and Florence Nightingale, and of that countless throng of earth's heroes, known and nameless, whose high behavior reveals their God-like nature, and confirms the truth of that quotation of Paul's on Mars' Hill, from the Greek Poet Aratus: "For we are also His offspring," *i. e.*, of the Highest.

The contemplation of the character of the best of our race reconciles us to the oftentimes narrow limits of our lives and makes us feel of kin to all our kind.

As human life is merely the prelude to the nobler measures and the richer themes that lie beyond, so is the success of each true soul below but a faint type of the grander results that shall be won in the cycles of the Hereafter.

But for the soul that is flourishing on the weakness or the evil appetites of its fellow

mortals, there is a yawning gulf, that with insatiable maw waits to whelm it in dire and utter ruin. He who is active to lead his fellows astray, or, he who is indifferent to the wants and spiritual needs of the souls around him, is surely building a gloomy and capacious prison house in which no place is found for hope or consolation. It were better for such that they had never been born.

There is no need that any one who reads these words, however, should yield to despair. If your past has been wrong, begin at once to lead a better life by yielding yourself entirely to the guidance of that Spirit that broods over this world in love, and that yearns to create each wretched and selfish soul anew.

For such as are seeking the treasures of the Everlasting Kingdom, no defeat is possible. They are a part of that Kingdom, and though for a season they may be bruised as is the grape in the wine press, yet is there a certain and perpetual victory for them in the near and ultimate triumph of the Truth.

"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

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